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Office and Warehouse, 34 S. Gay St. General Warehouse, 66 bring to

### COMIOTS LIGHT! AIRY!

Light enough to make Goods vi

Airy enough to keep them p

Comomdious enough to give room for all who equine re

THESE ARE THE CHARACTERISTIC

# NEW GLASS-ERONAORE happened when the "toter" was carrying happened when the "toter" was carrying tail, in her eager quest for game. We

INTO WHICH

### 

MAS REMOVED. Within it are kept and displayedvantage sold at Prices that will please all, the most cook of vastly in the majority and as they all have

DRY GUODS, WHITE GOODS, NOTIONS & TRIME BOOTS AND SH HATS,

> QUEENSW! STATION & Cacolored Magistrate who fined each of the bending parties \$10 and bound them over

TO BE FOUND IN THE COU

Jan 27, 1622 Don't fail to examine for yourselves.

# CHEAP BOOT & SHOE STORE.

JOHN W. DRAPER Boot and Shoe Store,

Course Wear, and Misses' and Children's Wear. 



I GO ULYSSES STRAIGHT.

Am-"How are you, Horace Greeley."

I ain't got heaps of learnin',
And I seldom argy well,
But I sorter form opinions,
Which I ain't afraid to tell;

So I say it square and open,

Yithout fear of small or great,

I stand by the loyal party,

And I go Ulysses straight.

They talk about "reformin,"

And say our party's split,
And say our party's split,
That Greeley's awful honest,
And Grant haint any grit.
I hear their shallow blowin',
And I see their crooked galt,
But I turn my back on Horace,
And I go Ulysses straight.

I can't see how a feller
Can mix with Jeff and sich;
Why, I shun these cussed critters
As if they had the itch!
And I'll never vote their ticket,

Nor knucle to their hate, But I'll think of murdured Lincoln, While I go Ulysses straight.

When I hear the mongrel shout, When I learn how Blair and Sumner Want to turn our leader out,

Want to turn our leader out, But I never funked or warered, And I'm loyal up to date, For I stand by the loyal party, And I go Ulysses straight.

I can't complain of taxes,
And I've seen the darkies free,
And votin' gin their masters
Is right enough for me;
I ain't a cussed bullheaded,
To swallow rebel bate,
But I keep the side of freedom,
And I go Ulysses straight.

I reckon Horace Greeley

A turn-coat, or affoat.

A chap that's double-sided,

Whatever's in his pate, Ain't fit to be a President. So I go Ulysses straight.

Nor the trials we have had,

And accept as pure and upright, Men proven false and bad. And I think our noble nation Would meet a fearful fate

In hands once raised agin her So I go Ulysses straight.

And I back the damniess chief Who lead our boys in blue. I won't eat crow or possum, Nor have it on my plate, For I love a loyal diet, So I go Ulysses straight.

I wasn't much on fightin', But I gin the praise where due, And I back the dauntless chieftain,

We've tried his pluck at Shiloh, We've proved his reck'nin sound, He'll push a thief or rebel As a fox before a hound! At Donelson and Vicksburg

He struck to save the State, He's a statesman and a general, So I go Ulysses straight.

I sorter fear that Greeley
Don't tell us "what he knows"
About this fusion business,
And the way the bargain goes.
They say his beets have cost him
From a dollar up to eight—
There's a costlier best cheed, Horace,
Every etc. Elizate straight.

For we go Ulysses straight.

I ain't got heaps of larnin', And I seldom argy well, But I sorter form opinions, Which I ain't afraid to tell.

I stand by the loyal party, And I go Ulysses straight.

So I says it square and open, Without fear of small or great,

LETTER FROM THE SOUTH.

the right bank of the Santee river with

very wide streets laid off at right angles.

the pavements lined with a number of trees

certainly makes this city highly pictur-

esque in comparison to most southern

places. In regard to the burning of Co-

Union troops, and which was stored on the

banks of the river awaiting shipment, the

wind was blowing strongly towards the

city, carrying large flakes of ignited cot-

ton, which lighting the roofs of the houses,

in a short time kindled a flame that was

beyond the power of man to subdue. On

every side can now be seen the ruins of

churches and dwellings, but had the same

misfortune happened any where North,

these ruins would have given place long

ago to fine stately buildings; as Chicago or

Chambersburg bear testimony; here they

seem content to build a fine house mostly

frame, although I saw in the course of

erection a couple of brick house, and the

novel manner of carrying bricks to the top

attracted my attention. Instead of using

a hod as is the custom with us, the negro

with a piece of board upon which he puts

about two dozen bricks, and lifting the

carrying it up a ladder as quickly as one of

shoulders. One case is instanced in which

a load was prematurely dropped, and that

same time, unfortunately, another negro

was passing, and received a number of

broke just keep dem off dis child's head."

The colored man has complete sway or as

one expressed it the other day by saying:

the same political faith, they believe in

placing some of their own color in power

Ithough it seems singular to a Northern

nan to find the Legislative Halls filled

rith colored men. Yet, I presume one

rould very soon become accustomed to

At one time a fight which I witnessed

ais state of affairs.

board on top of his head balances his load.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Sept. 23d, 1872.

I can't fogit the battles

Don't expect to get my vote, For I never was a traitor,

I kinder get confounded

Western men term timothy, red-top, blue sides, and the highways "dressed in living ner tail with satisfaction. green." The forests may change, the leaves may fall, all else may mark the dying year; but the earth itself maintains its
now, Bess must follow, not lead; for here
and he has the whole lingo: there is no coat that my wife made me in July out of with the prairies. To-day you may walk, lings like this, and his long neck and wary mile after mile, through grass knee-keep eye will wait for neither man nor dog, and of the richest green, and among flowers which still are in their summer bloom; word-and Bess falls behind me, following you move over the same scene, treading at eager and swift on her range. And in now meets the eye one wide waste of red-dish-yellow herbage, relieved only by the weight. This is all out of Bess's line: but, these withered plains, kindled by some for my back. reckless creature for wantonness or his own convenience, or, oftener, by the care- ed, with a boy's eye, the rise of the birds This particular flock, however, has flown less match or finished cigar, or ashes shak- and their fall, and pats my companion on its flight, and settles, but a little distance en from the universal pipe, the very black- the head, as she takes her place with us ness of desolation is left behind the flames. for a ride. It is small mercy to make a The loss, to tillers of the prairie, is often dog hunt the field and run the road. appalling: barns, stacks, corn, even the very home itself. Said one of Sherman's veterans to me, recently, raising himself to his full six feet, his eye flashing as when he stormed McAllister: "Mr. C., if I should as God helps me, I would shoot him down in his deed!" Only a few miles from me. an emigrant, traveling in his close-covered wagon with the wind, was overtaken by the flames, coming down on him unseen .-Horses, family, wagon, were all destoyed in a moment; and himself lived barely long

distance of a burning Chicago. To those, however, who love to follow the game of the prairies, the alteration by

frost has many compensations. The change in the habits of the feathered denizens of the prairie is as great as in the prairie itself. The grouse-or shall we say chickens, as the custom is?-which yesterday lay in the stubble, under the very nose of your dog and muzzle of your flocks of from fifty to one hundred and cackle of some old drummer of a past deon for miles, to the infinite disgust of man spring flight which Hawes sings:and dog, who have not yet even suspected their presence. The green and the bluewinged teal now gather in clusters in every prairie pond, preparatory to their early flight southward, from the autumn frosts. The mallard, bred in the locality, are joined by their brethren from the North; and in vast numbers alternate from the corn and stubble-fields to the water, giving promise of unfailing sheeting till long after snow. The great whooping crane-the vious to the war, this city must have been morning and evening; then stand in flocks, very handsome, as the ruins of some of the

far out on the warm prairie, or soar in the buildings still standing would indicate; being situated on slightly rising ground on hight they delight in. wild-goose, with his wellknown "honk!" seek the luscious cornfields which they umbia, it is avered by the inhabitants to be the work of Sherman during his famous march to the sea, but the facts are, that the inhabitants fired this place when they distroyed a large quantity of cotton, to prevent it from falling into the hands of the

look of the prairie. The vast variety of the game of the praithan by the detail of a single day's shoot-

That I will now attempt. and so heavy and abundant is the game, that | pond, and we'll get them !" anything like going out on afoot, and so returning, is out of the question. A goose lard or chicken, 3 to 4 pounds: it is impos-

will weigh 12 pounds: a brant, 6; a malsible to lug game like this around or even to get it home. Therefore, with old Peter to do the distances and the burden, and my little tenyear-old, with his own happy chat and enjoyment of the thing, to hold him, on occasion; behold us affeld! We come to the cornfields, skirting the vast prairie. It is yet morning, and the grouse and mallard have not done feeding. Leaving my our hod carriers would their load on their little boy to keep the road, I enter the field. Bess, my dog, takes to her work, at once, ranging among the stalks and rap-

pass but a little way, when "whir-r! bricks upon his head, stopping for only an of shot, rises a whole pack of fifty birds, instant he was heard to exclaim: "Look and are off, far as the eye can follow them. out up dar if you don't want dem bricks Bess crouches; looks back; fears reproof; and is evidently much relieved when kindly bilden to "hold up." Slowly and carefully she now does her work; often looking back, that she may not lose me in the wilderness of corn, -for these sagacious creatures want man's company in their hunt. and soon she has her reward. Down the wind-we must always hunt against or across it-comes that scent that electrifles the bird-dog, and sets every nerve tingling. With eye fixed, lip quivering, the whole nosing the ground; no ignoble tracking; tent with one.

AUTUMN GAME ON THE PRAIRIES. was a small foot, good reader, that brushed fine mallard swirls down over us and er, and pass on. This field is about done,

pleasing garb of summer verdure. Not so is where the mallard loves to feed, on morn. stopping it. Great is Young America, when seen. One motion of my hand-no but to-morrow, after a single heavy frost, as meekly and quietly as she was before every step on 'the grass that has withered, and the flower thereof that has faded away.' of the corn, with a "quack! quack!" up in on the outline. But it is nowhere level comes heavily down. Not the blue marsh-Far as the eye can reach, on every hand, spring a dozen mallard, not eight rods off. now stretches this limitless expanse of death, wrought by the cold of a night. In place of the varying shades of green, there left. Him I secure, and his "thud," as he left. Him I secure, and his "thud," as he whiter tint of the vast fields of corn, which on the word, she recovers the duck, as she have, themselves, thus suddenly met their did the grouse, and I start for the buggy- few strong strokes, then sailing on with that would throw a frigate on her beam. final change. When the flerce fires rise on glad that the bulky game is not destined

The little chap in the buggy, has mark-

Now for a long ride over the prairie, in the direction of certain ponds. To aquatic all in sight, and the dogs ready to eat them. birds water is absolutely essential, after But, through the tops of this withered feeding. High in the air above us, a long grass, every pair of keen black eyes sees mistaking a distant row of the scarlet flamline of geese is sailing southward, utterly catch a man firing the prairie at this place, beyond reach. But we do not repine. We sentimentalize rather, repeating to ourselves the well-remembered lines of Bry-

But here comes another troop of a dozen geese, looming up over the prairie, half a mile off; low down, and coming noisily, begin on another. They are quite low, fifty; and, under the warning spring and but they pass us too far ahead, and we

nor blue-light tory;
Our traveling watchword is, 'our mates, our goslings, and our glery!'
Symsonia and Labrador for us are crowned

But now, as we drive along, come four little mud-bed, stands the leader, with the other geese sitting around him. It is just "Jossy, turn out, and drive into the prai-

Soon the little fellow drives away and

The wind has been growing to a gale. Stooping again, I draw them back to clear

reatened to become serious by the use of the like most other things, subject to alives, but a colored policeman pounced and colored policeman pounced at me, then becomes fixed as a tone of the like most other things, subject to aborne, and, for her, the universe lies in that She had difficulty in making her way to the for without her instinct and sagacity i at me; then becomes fixed as stone. A get it to land bothers her still more. Lift than the rest of the flock that flew away. step forward-up rises the gallant bird, that twelve pounds she can't; and to drag Now for the buggy again, with the game. while the flock feathers come floating by broader-footed than she is; and trying the tionless figures in grayish brown, four feet me, down the wind. Up rises another at the report, as near and as swift; the trusty over my boot-tops. A truly noble bird, as trigger is true to the touch, and he, too, I lay it on the grass;—young, for its under trigger is true to the touch, and he, too, I lay it on the grass;—young, for its under wariest bird of the prairies, the great the new danger. It is small glory to add the new danger. It is small glory to add the new danger. It is small glory to add the new danger. It is small glory to add the new danger. It is small glory to add the new danger. It is small glory to add the new danger. It is small glory to add the new danger. It is small glory to add the new danger. It is small glory to add the new danger. It is small glory to add the new danger. falls. A moment, and I am again loaded-for mandible will break with its weight; fat, whooping oranes. I have not made more

this ground, and, the step was light and alights at the border of the pond. A cart- I say to myself, and am drawing near the There is nothing more characteristic of swift; the ground itself is loose and dry, sidge of No. 4 now; a short creep in the outskirts, when "croak! croak!" just bethe prairies than the sudden and remarka- and non-retentive of scent; but so keenly grass, an inglorious shot at the sitting youd me; and there are the three brown ble change in their appearance as sum- and surely does this noble creature press bird, and he is ours. Had I raised him he gentlemen, with a fourth, picked by the mer passes into autumn. In the East, on the trail, that I am put to my best pace, would have fallen in the mud, out of reach. the way, swinging in from their circle over though the frosts of October and Novem- lest I lose sight of her in the corn. And As I lay the flue bird, with its deep-green the prairie to their favorite field again. ber may be sharp and frequent, yet the now, a rush, a rustle; she has it under her head and neck, and canvas back, by the They are coming right in our teeth; now universal prevalence of "tame grass"-as paws, and holds it firmly till my arrival. side of the goose, the little chap can hold is your time, Messrs. Parker, if you want "Good dog!" and then the tension is all in no longer. "I tell you what, papa, to see what your beautiful little 12-gauge grass, etc., -keeps the pastures, the hill- gone; the chase is gained; and she wags this is business! we're just more'n going breech-loader can do. I mustn't stir a for them, this morning!" With this ex- finger to change my shot. Down to the Our run through the corn has brought plosion he takes up the reins, and subsides.

and will prevail! are making a stretch directly across the just enough to make it hopeless for the No. prairie to other ponds and fields, and soon 4. But the oldest chap of all says, "Come horizon lies, but a little way before us, ground, to any great extent, for gentle see!" the little fellow cries out: and there, wings set, as in very glee and wantonness of motion. They may go miles, in this way, without alighting; it is their wont. off, in the deep, brown grass. Where are they now? Invisible, and at such times looks down upon. always invisible to man and dog, notwithstanding fancy sketches which show them

Such are the conditions of this day, and of them; grave, formal fellows, leaping in Bess and I will try the birds. Passing the air, first from one foot, then from the around to get the wind, the dog has made other, then from both; now to a partner, but a few stretches, to and fro, before the now by themselves; and evidently enjoywell-known scent strikes her. She stops; ing the whole thing. It is but a troop o draws slowly on, her nose just clearing the cranes, executing one of the most ludicgrass; then comes to a full stand. I step rous and preposterous games that can be up to the dog, and in an instant the whole seen among the whole feathered race. And pack is in the air, with a single spring, this they will do for hours together. scattering in every direction. It is a poor shot that cannot get a bird with each bar- ful creek, the Beaver. Along its banks, rel, in such a case; and I am not that shot. where the ravages of the annual prairie One is a young bird, fully grown: the oth- fires have been stayed, fine oaks lift themer an old cock, that may have drummed on the prairies for years. See, as we lift him: ful relief against the background of the the pointed black feathers, projecting from rising prairie. Just as sure as oaks bear the neck, giving him his name, "pinnated;" the yellow wattles on either side of oaks, just so sure are there woods-ducks his neck, with which, distended to the feeding on them, and lying around in the size of an orange, he booms defiance to his sun, on bank and stream, lazily digesting enimies or love to his mates. For, sad to them. Stealing along the bank, I peer say for him, Tetrao has no particular love. over; and there in a basin of the creek at Hence, I suppose, his name-Cupido; least thirty wood-duck are floating, preen-Tetrao Cupido; lawless Tetrao, The dear ing themselves in the sun. Did ever eye little quail will fight to the death for his rest on creatures more beautiful? "Anas choice; and the mate he has achieved with sponsa," the Bridal Duck, poetical old Linmous, he is not polygamous even; promis. shade of color, between glossy black and cuous rather, utterly common. But the stainless white; all that the prism can give discomfort. One may become so accustomone at our feet will boom and set bad ex- of distinct hue or blending of hues, exists ed to this as to pay little attention to it.

his failings, and deposit him in the buggy

strike him dead, pitch him at least six feet forward and out of his line of flight .-Down! down in the corn! close down! for right on me comes a flock of eleven brant. At my shot, they veer out of the direct line over me, but they were too near and coming too swiftly to get wholly away. Thanks for the BB in my only cartridge, now: I had no time to insert another .-Getting their motion, I fire, and one of the slopes off, motionless, for the distant pond. I give the word to Bess, who has watched the fall: she rushes ahead of me to the water, plunges in, snuffs the scented surface in every direction, but no bird is over the land, it makes at once for the water; if shot on the water, or if it falls into it, it will make for the weeds on shore,

or for the deep grass of the prairie. So I call Bess in from the water: she is following the line of the shore, when her wondrous nose detects the outward trail; up the praire again and towards the field she ers, on the wind. The fourth rises to his boldly and rapidly treads it. A pause: fect; I fire. With a single outstretch of her head is lifted a little higher, then his wings, he falls on the bar, dead. Vex- plunged downward in the grass: and there, ed, I fire, ineffectually, at the retreating before me, lies the beautiful bird, dead; a three, and watch them till they fade in the rich cream-color, the whole length below; distance. Such are the chances, even in glossy brown above, with the exquisite orange of the bill and the legs adding nature's own faultless finish to the bird. I confess that, for look, habit, delicacy

for the table, the brant is my favorite of the praire game. I may well say "good dog !" to the expectant Bess, this time; have just time to get ready, when up rises stately crane standing on the grass. A "Don't trouble yourself," said he, "I

ground; and make myself as much a cornmy old army shelter, just the tint of the faded corn! Not a breath, now; not a For a mile, now, nothing appears. We wink of the eye. Alas! three bear off

seem riding right out into space, for the on, cranes; who's afraid!" when a flash; an explosion; and, crumpled up and ridheron, man of the East, that you call a 'crane," feeble of flight, loathsome in habit and lurking-place, with the figure, when dead, of the reptiles he feeds on; but the whooping crane, with body like a turcoming down the wind, are a hundred and key, and wings like a swan, that delights fifty chickens, flapping their wings, for a in the clean corn of the field and, in a gale ends, sweeps up, in very sport, into the empyrean, and for long hours sails in grand circles in the sunshine, a mile high; ever and anon trumpeting forth his joy in the cry that gives him his name and which just reaches the ears of the pigmy race he

What is that we see, far out on the blackened surface of the burnt prairie? One of the praire's most singular sights. We you, and marks every motion; Ordinarily, ingoes for a British army of invasion; but they will not lie to the dog at this season; who would have thought of a company of but on a sunny day, after a night of sharp Shakers choosing that black, lonely plain frost, they are, sometimes, very tame. for one of their dances! More than a dozen

Our ride has now brought us to a beautiselves in their reddened foliage, in beautiacorns, and as there is water under the almosts relents. To tell the truth, I have Passing on, we soon draw near a corn- always preferred fair shots at single birds field, from which a sweep of prairie slopes to shots at flocks. In the first case, if you They are led by a primitive, patriarchal down to a large weedy pond. Here we miss, you miss; if you hit, you kill. But The brant, with noisy brattle, and the gander, who has plainly seen men and ought to find brant. To do so, the horse at flocks, for one bird that you get, you gander, who has plainly seen men and must go on, and the hunter must hide him- send more away to sicken and die with self. Giving directions to my little boy to wounds not immediately fatal. I cannot, keep out of the way, for the brant likes not therefore, sympathize in the wonted saynearness to man or beast, I step inside of ing of a friend of mine, "I just like to the corn just far enough to be hidden, and | mow 'em!" I do not! The clean, single yet to command a view of the edge of the shot for me, where the whole matter is field and of the prairie beyond. A shot with the bird I fire at; not with those from below me, in the field, puts me on which mere chance and stray pellets lay my guard: my neighbor missed his aim, out with the others, or send crippled and for here comes an old grouse just outside suffering away. But something else is ordains is often barbarous in the extreme, the field line, his natural speed quickened more potent, in this case, than the better by the shot behind him. I have no time nature. In the act of raising my gun, to withdraw the BB now:-they are for "buzz, whirr, chitter," at my very feet brant:-just time to throw up my gun, as and on every side of me, a hundred quail he passes me, and the heavy shot, as they flirt up, and the gentry of the gorgeous crests, taking the alarm, spring from the water, and are off in an instant. I fire at laggard and bring him down; another quail springs up from my toes; in sheer

veration and disgust. I let go the No. 4 at him, and blow him forward ten feet in his Cold as this September water is, Bess plunges from the bank, and soon brings to my hand the duck that had fallen. For birds leaves the rest, sets his wings, and the next thirty rods, at least three hundred quail arise from the bushes: one continual a fatal shot. Sixty rods off he strikes in calls on every side of me. I see no more the pond, a few rods from its edge, bound- difficulty in setting one hundred and fifty fashion to its opposite, unthinking slaves ing twice and throwing up the water in in an afternoon than in getting a dozen; spray by the force of his fall. Reloading, but when one is after wood-duck, pinnated grouse, brant and geese, he does not lose his time ou dear little Perdrix. " Cruk-k! cra-k-k!" and up spring two fine drakes, as I tread on a dry stick; I cut one there. Whenever a water-bird is shot, down; the bushes hide the other; and he passes away. A moment for my cartridge then a look over the bank. He is wing- hair and broidered apparel. broken. If I show myself, or let Bess after him, ten to one, he will dive, as his habit is, seize a root or a stalk, hold on and drown. More than once I have reached down to my shoulder, in clear water, and pulled them off, dead; this fellow I might never see. No, let him skulk in, just under the water as he is, near that log by the shore; now! I fire, and he turns over beside the log; I have but to step out and secure him. To Bess, the whole procedure is unscientific,' and outside the rules.

At the report of my gun, a rustle and her child. scratching on a tree, a little ahead, and a fine fox squirrel just whisks into his hole. There is a certain lady in my home with whom the squirrel is the favorite of all of Francis I., and they were not without game; and I never pass one by. Inserting their use in after times of civil strife, aland clatter start Sciurus from his hiding. France was worn by Henry II.. consort of place, and he rushes up the tree, ensconesideways, I go; at every point, I find him Boulogne, which locality had long been a on the other side. The sun is dipping; I favorite resort both of princes and peniam miles from home, and can't wait. Call- tents. Befor stockingmaking became a lng my little boy to leave the buggy, and matter of French trade it was customary come upon the other side of the tree, I at tion, for the fox-squirrel is the largest and

We are on time, now, and shall not leave

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and he alights again, folding his wings up slowly, as if entirely at ease as to the range even of B Bs. And he may be. But there is another thing that he left out of his calculation. Laying by my Parker, I quietly draw my little Howard rifle from its case, slide from the buggy on the side opposite him: and tell my boy to keep lowly on. He misses one from the two,hunters out here declare that the crane can count ten, -and marks a figure standing, motionless: as the buggy passes on .-"Croak!" it is too late, a flash, a whinlike report, and the tall bird lies stretched on the prairie. He makes no motion as he lies: a 44-100 copper cartridge, striking squarely on the side, leaves no life behind. 'Plumbed him, didn't it," says Young America, as I load in the game.

Our day and our shooting are done; and with them this sketch of the Autumn Game of the Prairies.

Scribner's for October.

### Short Hair for Woman and Children.

A fine head of hair is a beautiful thing. it forms a becoming background or setting for the human features. Other "little women" than Jo March have considered their long, abundant, glossy hair their "one beauty." Some of these same little women have found, however, that they were really better looking than before when they have had their long curls or heavy braids

It seemed "such a pity" to all their friends, and they felt themselves that it was a great risk to run, because they might not look half as well after the barbering as before, and they hadn't a bit of beauty to spare. But the deed is done, and the friends who remonstrated most earnestly are perhaps forced to confess that short hair can be made very becoming to some

Long hair is often very unbecoming we all know. Thin coarse locks are no ornament. If cut short, and tossed up lightly about the face, they sometimes improve the personal appearance very much, as many have learned during the late frizzing days. Long hair is usually drawn away from the face, so as to afford less of a "setting" for its wearer than short locks give. It is called a covering for women, but it is drawn up from the neck in such a way, at fashion's demand, that it covers less of the body than hair only two inches in

length. While not advocating the total abolition of long hair, let us see what good reasons may sometimes constrain a sensible woman to have her head shorn of its reputed "glory."

The long, thick hair considered so desirable has considerable weight, and it taxes the nervous power to carry it about. A pound of hair is as heavy as a pound of caudles. Worn in braids or rolls over the top of the head, it will actually make depressions underneath the rolls or braids, quite perceptible when they are moved after a few hours' pressure. At the same time, such long hair produces considerable able resting of the weary head almost im possible. What misery there is in the use of hair-pins! What "ridiculosity" in the "rats," cushions, jute chignons, etc. ! What an amount of time, and care, and life-power gets used up in dressing and arranging this weight of hair, especially if it must be put in curl-papers or frizzingpins over night!

Does it pay? Every woman should answer the question for herself. Outward adorning is all right if it does not interfere with the more precious inward adorning of the mind. The adorning fashion and why does not a cultivated taste rebel? What relief it is to get the head into

such a conditon that it can be bathed and dressed and rested with case! How pleasant it is to run the fingers through the hair when the head is tired and heated! What a comfort it is not to have one's hair in the way when hurried or when weary! But there is an answer ready for all reasoning in favor of short hair: "Oh! I think long hair looks best for a woman." That settles it, of course, for most women. Here and there is a woman who considers health and comfort and convenience of more consequence than prettiness. There are women, too, who can not believe that anything is really beautiful or truly becomwhirr in my path, and a hundred plaintive ing which tends to injure health or destroy comfort. But most of us go from one of fashion as we are, and everything we are accustomed to is considered tasteful and proper. And then a few women have husbands who consider themselves solo arbiters in all matters concerning their wives' apparel, and such men are pretty sure to like to see women (those belonging to themselves) looking like duchesses, in plaited

Little Girlie had long golden curls, and we loved them until we saw how it fretted her and her mamma every day when the task of unsnarling and recurling had to be performed. And the curls were so warm on her neck and shoulders, and such a temptation for baby's pulling fingers! So they were cut off, and when the pretty head was "shingled" the child actually was prettier than before, and her mamma admires the golden curls laid away in the bureau-drawer more than when they graced and tormented and cultivated vanity in

COSTUMES OF THE MIDDLE AGES. - Masks were first worn in France during the reign Catherine de Medicis, although it was not until a later date that a manufactory for stockings was instituted in the Bois de

[ The Gentlemen's Mag zzine.

Two friends meeting, one remarked, looked exactly like you."

"Tell me who it was, that I may knock

Bon Super Phomphates

on both billigerants, and marched them ending parties \$10 and bound them over the field, and coming out, find that phace, and no rushes up the tree, enscone-ting hard point for future good behavior, this deflance, as over the tall stalks he sweeps move. Were it water, that she might it corners on another field. Toward that with his powerful wings. But I am ready, swim, all would be clear sailing. As it is, corner, eighty rods away, I bear, looking Now for it! Round and round, across and twinced me that the colored dispenser of too; a moment for raising my gun, cock- she can neither lift, drag, nor swim. She intently for the uprising duck or grouse; was impartial. In the atternoons the ing it as it is raised, then the explosion, looks wistfully at me. There is no help when, far on, in the very corner itself, I see rets are lively with carriages owned by and the bird falls heavily to the earth, for it: though not palmated, I am at least a sight that stops me short. Three mo Wood PUMP. ing. The handsomest equipage being of the Lieut. Governor of this State, is also colored and who is the proud ssor of a span, which would be envied alking around the capitol ground to. I use a Parker breech-loader—and, at the for it is fresh from the cornfields; and dethan one step out of the rows, when they alking around the capitol ground to. And the capitol ground to. Word, Hess "seeks dead!" Nosing it for a strable in an economical light; for, like see me; they pause a moment, then with a finest of his family. I saw for the first time the paimette moment, she shows evident pleasure at my Patrick's pig, "it raised hisself." The wild croak spread their sail-like vans, and branching out until it reached twenty feet from the ground, the way, with both dogs and mon—then, on the way a beautiful green, being desirous wing it more critically, I made a close word, she passes to the other bird. But it tell you, that'll make a grand dinner."—

We are on time, now, and shall not leave bear lazily away. Never mind! "like dog the buggy to hunt. But game of all kinds maun ha'e his day," my turn may come, word, she passes to the other bird. But it tell you, that'll make a grand dinner."—

A beat through the field in another course, gun, "Two miles accomplished the control of the prize; and as bear lazily away. Never mind! "like dog the buggy to hunt. But game of all kinds maun ha'e his day," my turn may come.

A beat through the field in another course. it more critically, I made a clossian form on and found it came from track; it was wing-broken and has made all things human!

ant:

'Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last set
of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way? enough to tell the tale. Yet every night, from this to winter, the red sky in every Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide;
Or where the wild billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean's side? direction will show the appearance in the In vain the fowler's eye Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong;
As, darkly planted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along." gun, and which, in the grass, you could hurriedly on, as if they had just gobbled not kick up with your boot, now gather in up one corn field, and were in haste to

philosophize on their ignoble haste and cade, rise in the distance and fly booming huddle, as compared with that stately "Hawnk! honk! and forward, to the nor' ward, is the trumpet tone;

What goose can lag, or feather flag, or break the goodly come!

Hawnk! onwards to the cool blue lakes, where lie our safe love-bowers;

No stop; no drop of occan brine, near stool stop; no drop occan brine, near st

goslings, and our glery!'

Symsonia and Labrador for us are crowned with flowers:

And not a breast on wave shall rest, until the taxen is ours!'

One at our feet will boom and set, bad out of distinct nue or blending of flues, cares of the flue of blending of flues, care of the flue of the flue of blending of flues, care of the flue of the flue

others, in slow, uncertain flight, plainly mid-day sun, mere snow-flakes in the vast | ready to alight in the first convenient pond. philosophy and take up our gun, he bears remember so well since they left them last easily off, and passes us, just out of range. Spring, or even the year before. All this A noisy flock of brant, flying high over our exuberance of feathered life, with the fine | heads, takes off my eye, for a second; when bracing air and the cloudless sky-that my little boy cries out, "Pappa, pappa, glory of all glories of the west-in place of the geese have lighted down, right ahead the sweltering heat of August, make the of us; I guess there's a pond!" Sure man of the gun almost reconciled to the enough, going a little farther, there is a death of grass and flower, and to the faded | pond; and right in the center of it, on a rie, in autumn, cannot be better set forth | the thing: they are as good as in our hand,

rie, far enough from the pond not to scare In the first place we must have our them. The old gander will watch you and horse and buggy. So long are the stretch. Pete; but I'll slip out and crawl up behind es from field to field, or from pond to pond, that bunch of weeds at the edge of the stops, just at the distance. A horse seems rather an attraction than an object of fear to a goose; at any rate the sentinel has missed no one from the buggy, and pronounces matters all right. I am on my bands and knees, slowly and quietly makreach it safely, and peering through their Every hunter knows this to be the sign of tops, I see the birds at six rods from me: the three sitting, having turned over the

watch to the leader, and he watching intently the boy and horse. Withdrawing my cartridges of No. 4 shot-a privilege which is one of the chief beauties of a breechloader-I insert those of BB, and cautiously raise myself up to shoot. But now comes vexation. As I rise, the tall rushes and flags are

whir-r!" far ahead, out of scent and out blown down on my gun-barrels and held with so much force that I cannot lift them. the weeds; but "honk! honk!" the old fellow has taken the alarm, and, with a bound and flap, swings off, with two of the othshooting. one minute before, I would have thanked no man for three of those geese; for they were standing, literally touching body in incited tensions she steals on. No each other; now, I am forced to be con-

breast high her delicate brown head is Bess, meantime, is having her trouble.

spection and found it came from track; it was wing-broken, and has made all things human! have just time to get ready, when up rises stately crane standing on the grass. A "Don't trouble yours from track; it was wing-broken, and has made all things human! have just time to get ready, when up rises stately crane standing on the grass. A "Don't trouble yours from track; it was wing-broken, and has made all things human! have just time to get ready, when up rises stately crane standing on the grass. A "Don't trouble yours from track; it was wing-broken, and has made all things human! We have just time to get ready, when up rises stately crane standing on the grass. A "Don't trouble yours from track; it was wing-broken, and has made all things human! We have just time to get ready, when up rises stately crane standing on the grass. A "Don't trouble yours from track; it was wing-broken, and has made all things human! The pack is the